Forty-Three Dollars

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Forty-Three Dollars

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Summary

He doesn’t know what he’s doing. He wastes 15 minutes loitering around the restrooms. *This shouldn’t be so hard,* he thinks.

On Tuesday they have burgers. On Wednesday they split a pizza. Sam usually picks the toppings off anyway so he thinks Dean picks plain cheese because it's his favorite. On Thursday it's canned spaghetti. Friday is a plate of PB&J sandwiches. The bread is a little stale but Sam doesn't seem to notice. On Saturday he does.

It's not the food situation that has Dean lying awake at night staring up at the ceiling though. On Sunday the motel Manager bangs on the door and tells them check out was at 10am. He won't take the credit card John left. Dean searches through the entire room, empties the pockets of every bit of clothing his dad left lying around, and he manages to scourge up enough cash for one more night.

When he walks back into the room he has two dollars and fifteen cents in his pocket. Sam is sitting on the bed looking very young and scared. "Is it okay?" he asks.

Dean nods. "Yeah Sammy. All sorted."

Sam bites at his lip. "When's dad coming back?"

Friday. John had told Dean *Friday* when he left. That was two days ago. "Should be back tomorrow, maybe even tonight," Dean tells him. "The hunt ran over."

Dean stays up listening, praying for the familiar roar of the Impala pulling in out front, but it doesn't come. He sends Sam off to school with a sandwich made from the last few slices of bread.

He's been looking at his situation from different angles all night, but he doesn't know what to do. He has two bucks, a can of beans, half a jar of peanut butter and a box of cheerios. Check out is in two hours.

Dean needs money for the hotel room, that's the main problem. Food, well, he can probably steal something? Get another loaf of bread with his two bucks and feed Sam peanut butter sandwiches for another day or two. Just until dad gets back.

But the room.

They have nowhere else to go. Dean *needs* to pay for the room.

He goes through the things left in the room. There's a gun – but he can't pawn it, it's illegal and he's underage. He shoves the three knives his dad left, his watch, his silver ring and his best boots into a bag.

The guy at the pawn shop tries to say the ring isn't silver, (but Dean *knows* it is because his Uncle Bobby gave it to him to test for shifters), and he sucks his teeth over Dean's best bowie, but after twenty minutes of haggling Dean has just enough to pay for the room for another night.

The manager purses his lips when Dean comes to the front desk, and reminds him *again,* that check out is at 10am.

Sam gets the beans for dinner and Dean says he already ate.

Once his brother has done his homework and gone to sleep, Dean has a shower. Brushes his teeth. Frowns at himself in the mirror for a long time.

He picks through his clothes and bites on his lip, chews on his fingernails. He thinks about movies and about what the girls who hang around the back doors of the bars his dad goes to shark pool wear. He pulls on his old jeans – the ones worn through with holes that only button up because his stomach is currently hollow. One of Sam's shirts goes over the top. It's tight, uncomfortable. Rides up so Dean's hips and his hungry belly shows. He wishes he still had a knife.

Sam's asleep. Dean checks the salt lines and locks the door after him.

He needs $43 for the motel room.

There's a big truck stop down the highway and Dean figures that seems a likely place. It's cold. The wind cuts through the holes in his jeans and the thin cotton of Sam's shirt.

He doesn't know what he's doing. He wastes 15 minutes loitering around the restrooms. *This shouldn't be so hard,* he thinks.

There are people in the diner attached to the truck stop. Dean watches through the glass. The booths and the long counter look warm and inviting.

He has two dollars and fifteen cents.

Dean stares for maybe ten minutes, then because it's so *cold* and he's such a fucking failure he goes inside and spends 99 cents on a cup of black coffee for a seat at the counter.

The waitress looks at him strangely, her lips pursed, and Dean blushes and tugs at Sam's shirt, tries to get it to cover more than it does.

It's warm in the diner though so he ignores her pointed looks. He sips his (bitter) coffee and tries to think of something else because clearly this is not at all like in the movies. Two refills and maybe an hour later, (he's not sure, he pawned his watch), someone sits down beside him.

Dean glances at him out of the side of his eyes. Trucker. Maybe 45. 50. Overweight but not hugely. Flannel and jeans. A beard. He gives Dean a look that makes his empty stomach curdle.

"You open for trade kid?" he asks, very soft, a smile tugging at his lips and one bushy eyebrow rising.

Dean's heart hammers in his chest like he's facing down a werewolf instead of an old guy in plaid. He nods jerkily.

The guy smiles. "Well hows about we get to know one another in my rig?"

Dean nods again, stands, forces himself not to tug at Sam's shirt when the trucker stares. His face burns and his eyes feel wet. The waitress huffs and mutters under her breath as he follows the trucker towards the door.

The cab of the guy's truck smells a lot like cigarette smoke and a little like old socks.

He looks Dean over very slowly, smiling a little. "So how much for that pretty mouth of yours kid?"

"Forty-three dollars," Dean tells him without thinking.

The guys frowns and snorts out a laugh. "Forty-*three* dollars? That's real specific."

"I need it for my room," Dean mumbles, suddenly scared that it's asking too much.

The guy hums thoughtfully. "spose I can swing it," he says. "Forty-*three* dollars. Forty-*four* would have been too rich for my blood."

Dean smiles since he can tell he's meant to. That the trucker is joking with him.

He winks at Dean and then unbuckles his belt. Unzips his fly. Pulls out his dick. Dean stares. It's pink and dark at the end. It's… a dick.

“Well get to it kid,” the guy says, leaning back and apparently getting comfy. “Earn that forty-three bucks.”

Dean’s repulsed by the idea of putting his mouth on the man, of *tasting* him, but mostly he’s just scared he’ll fuck up and he won’t get his money.

He doesn’t know what he’s doing.

The dick is hot and weird in his mouth, skin and musk and salt tasting.

Dean chokes. Dean fucks up.

He doesn’t know how to suck dick. Doesn’t know about teeth and gag reflexes and all that.

The trucker ends up yanking him up off by hair, all that friendliness gone. “Jesus fuck! You trying to bite my goddamn dick off?”

Dean’s panting and there’s too much spit in his mouth. It tastes like the man’s dick and he wants to hurl, doesn’t want to swallow. “M’sorry!” he gasps. “Please I need the money! Let me try again?”

The guy purses his lips. “You ain’t getting your teeth anywhere near my junk kid.”

Dean feels tears on his cheeks. He *needs* the money. “*Please,”* he says.

“You really need it that bad?” he guy asks.

Dean nods. “Yessir.”

“Tell you what, I’ll make it an even 50 for a fuck.”

“A… you wanna… fuck me?” Dean asks.

Outside the truck stop is more or less abandoned. Dean knows it’s dumb luck he found this guy, the chances of another? “Okay,” he says, not looking up. “Fifty.”

He makes Dean strip, and he shivers, teeth chattering. The trucker huffs and turns on the heater. It rattles and blasts a stream of cigarette scented air out into the cab. Dean’s shaking doesn’t stop. It’s not the cold.

He lays awkwardly on his belly, one leg in the footwell, head mashed

against the door. There are skin mags and a bottle of lotion under the seat and the trucker fishes them out. The lotion smells like sort of like the little bottles of shampoo the nicer motels they sometimes stay in have in their bathrooms. The man shoves thick fingers cold and wet with it into Dean's ass.

It hurts and feels wrong, like he's crapping himself or something. Dean's suddenly happy that the only thing in his belly is black coffee. He squeezes his eyes shut and tries to shut out the sensation entirely. Like when his dad is giving him stitches. It hurts less than that anyway.

Then he climbs on top of Dean, grips his hips and rubs his dick into his ass. Dean forces himself to remain limp, just breathes and tries to keep his thoughts blank.

It hurts much more than stitches. A lot more. Dean doesn't give words to how it feels though, not even in the silence of his head.

"Fuck kid," the guy on top of him says. "You're like a goddamn vice."

Dean tastes blood from biting at his cheek. The guy's breath smells like stale coffee. His soft belly slaps against Dean's ass and lower back with each thrust. It seems to go on and on. Dean has to brace himself against the door to stop his head slamming against it. He digs his fingernails into his palms and tries to focus on that little hurt instead of the big one.

After, the guy cracks his window and lights a cigarette as Dean pulls on his clothes. He's still shaking even though it's sweaty and hot in the cab now.

The trucker makes him ask. "My money?" Dean says, holding out his hand and staring at his palm instead of the man's face. He can still faintly taste the sour salt of his dick in his mouth. Feel it between his thighs.

The trucker pulls out two twenties and a ten. "Well you can't suck dick for shit, but that ass makes up for it."

Dean just nods and clutches the money in his fist.

He nearly trips climbing down from the cab.

There's fifty dollars in his hand though. It's his. He did it.

Dean folds the notes carefully and tucks them safe in his pocket.

The walk back to the motel seems longer. He limps. The inside of his jeans feel wet, like he's pissed himself.

He has fifty-one dollars and 16 cents.

He can pay for another night at the hotel. If he walks the two miles to the big store instead of going to the seven eleven near the motel he can buy a loaf of bread ($2.10) and more beans (57c).

He shivers, suddenly feeling the cold again.

Maybe soup?

Yeah. He feels ill, but he's cold and he hurts and he'd like some warm tomato rice soup right about now.

His eyes sting again but he forces that feeling back.

He has fifty-one dollars and that is a *good thing.* Really he's lucky that trucker even bothered with him. What's five minutes of pain and an ache in his ass compared to Sam going to sleep hungry and freezing on a bench tomorrow night?

He's thinking about hot water and a long shower when he finally makes it back to the motel.

The Impala is sitting parked in front of the room.

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